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THE INDIAN SUMMER.

It comes, it comes with golden sheaf
In the time of the sere and yellow leaf,
And it flings the fruit from the bended tree,
And scatters it round in its reckless glee,
It plays on the brow of the maiden fair,
And parts with its fingers, her raven hair.

It comes, it comes, and its minstrel's wing
O'er the glassy lake is quivering,
With music, soft as the mellow strain
Of zephyrs over the swelling main,
It gladdens the vales as it floats along,
And stream and mountain re-echo the song.

It comes, it comes like a fairy spirite
Arrayed in the robes of gossamer white,
And the carpet of leaves on the ground is spread,
And the flowers yield 'neath its conquering tread,
For it strides along in its kingly way
Like shadows that flit at the close of day.

It comes, it comes, and the ripened grain
Is wreathing crowns for its golden reign,
And the bright eye sparkles with liquid light,
Like the star enthroned on the brow of night,
And the teeming fields their offering bring
At the sainted shrine of the Autumn king.

A Fur Trade Adventure.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Colter, with the hardihood of a regular trader, had cast himself loose from the party of Lewis and Clark, in the very heart of the wilderness, and had remained to trap beaver alone, on the head waters of the Missouri. Here he fell in with another lonely trapper like himself, named Potts, they agreed to keep together. They were in the very region of the terrible Blackfeet, at that time thirsting to revenge the death of their companions, and knew that they had to expect no mercy at their hands. They were obliged to keep concealed all day in the woody margins of the rivers, setting their traps after nightfall, and taking them up before daybreak. It was running a fearful risk for the sake of a few beaver skins, but such is the life of a trapper.

They were on a branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork; and had set their traps at night about six miles from a small river that had emptied itself into the forks. Early in the morning they ascended the river in a canoe to examine the traps. The banks on each side were high and perpendicular, and cast a shade over the stream. As they were softly paddling along, they heard the trampling of many feet upon the banks: Colter immediately gave the alarm of "Indians!" and was for instant retreat. Potts scoffed at him for being frightened at the trampling of a herd of buffaloes. Colter checked his uneasiness, and paddled forward. They had not gone much farther, when frightful whoops and yells burst forth from each side of the river, and several hundred Indians appeared on either bank. Signs were made to the unfortunate trappers to come on shore. They were obliged to comply. Before they could get out of their canoe, a savage seized the rifle of Potts. Colter sprang on shore, wrested the weapon from the hands of the Indian, and restored it to his companion, who was still in the canoe, and immediately pushed into the stream. There was a sharp twang of a bow, and Potts cried out that he was wounded. Colter urged him to come on shore and submit, as his only chance for life; but the other knew that there was no prospect for mercy, and determined to the game, levelling his rifle, he shot one of the savages dead on the spot. The next moment he fell himself, pierced with innumerable arrows.

The extravagance of the savages was now turned upon Colter. He was stripped naked, and having some knowledge of the Blackfoot language, overheard a consultation as to the mode of despatching him; so as to derive the greatest amusement from his death. Some were for setting him up as a mark, and having a trial of skill at his expense. The chief, however, was for nobler sport. He seized Colter by the collar, and demanded if he could run fast. The unfortunate trapper was too well acquainted with Indian customs not to comprehend the drift of the question. He was to run for his life, to furnish a kind of human hunt to his persecutors. Though in reality he was noted by his brother hunters for swiftness on foot, he assured the chief he was a very bad runner. His stratagem gained him some vantage ground. He was led by the chief into the prairie, about four hundred yards from the main body of savages, and then turned loose, to save himself if he could.

A tremendous yell let him know that the whole pack of bloodhounds were in full cry. Colter flew rather than run; he was astonished at his own speed; but he had six miles of prairies to traverse before he could reach Jefferson Fork, of the Missouri; how could he hope to hold out such a distance with the odds of several hundred to one against him? The plain, too, abounded with the prickly pear, which wounded his naked feet.—Still he fled on, dreading each moment to hear the twang of a bow, and feel an arrow quivering in his heart. He did not dare to look round, lest he should lose an inch of that distance on which his life depended. He had ran nearly half way across the plain when the sound of pursuit grew somewhat fainter and he ventured to turn his head. The main body of his pursuers were a considerable distance behind him; several of the fastest runners were scattered in the distance: while a swift footed warrior armed with a spear, was not more than a hundred yards behind him.

Inspired with new hope, Colter redoubled his exertions, but strained himself to such a degree that the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and streamed down his breast. He arrived within a mile of the river. The sound of footsteps gathered upon him. A glance behind him showed his pursuer within twenty yards, and preparing to lance his spear. Stopping short, he turned round and spread out his arms. The savage, confounded by this sudden action, attempted to stop and hurl his spear, but fell in the very act. His spear struck in the ground, and the shaft broke in his hand. Colter plucked up the pointed part, pinned the savage to the earth, and continued his flight. The Indians, as they arrived at their slaughtered companion, stopped to howl over him. Colter made the most of this precious delay, gained the skirts of the cotton wood bordering the river, dashed through it and plunged into the stream. He swam to a neighboring island, against the upper end of which the drift wood had lodged in such quantities as to form a natural raft; under this he dived, and swam below water until he succeeded in getting a breathing place between the floating trunks of trees, whose branches and bushes formed a covert several feet above the level of the water. They plunged into the river and swam to the raft, passing and repassing; and seeking for him in all directions. They at length gave up the search, and he then swam silently down the river, and made his escape.

Bob Spunyarn, the Practical Joker.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

The last time that Bob Spunyarn went to sea, was in the ship Mandricardo, of Boston. He was second mate of that ship, and proved himself an active, trustworthy, and ever vigilant officer. When he was before the mast, he loved to steal a nap on deck during his watch, especially when it was not his look-out—and many a sweet sleep has he enjoyed, seated on the body of the windlass, well wrapped in his monkey jacket, and his head reposing on the bitts. But when he was promoted, he seemed to be aware of the responsibility which rested upon him, and never allowed himself to be caught napping. He constantly walked the quarter deck, watching the wind and the weather, and kept the sails constantly trimmed, according to the breeze. He would also cause a good look out to be kept on the forecastle—and rigorously exacted from the starboard watch, that one man, at least, should at all times be awake and moving.

It was a cold, but clear moonlight night, in the month of November, as the ship Mandricardo was dashing along, with the wind-a-beam, on soundings, off the entrance to the British Channel. The starboard watch had the first watch that night—and Mr. Spunyarn gave the men strict orders to keep a good look out. But, about seven bells, much to his surprise and indignation, he became aware that no one was walking the forecastle deck. Old Peter Peterson, a Swede, a veteran seaman, who, by the way, was hardly ever seen asleep in his life, was leaning over the gunwale in the lee waist, quietly smoking a cheroot. Bob asked him whose look out it was.

"Jonathan Doolittle's," replied Peter.

"Why the fellow is fast asleep somewhere—the good-for-nothing vagabond cannot be trusted—he would sleep with his head in a bucket of water. But I will try to awaken him, at any rate."

Mr. Spunyarn walked forward softly—and beheld on the inner part of the bowsprit, the gaunt form of Jonathan Doolittle stretched at full length—his head lying between the night-heads—his capacious mouth wide open—and snoring away as if for a wager.

Bob told Peter to keep silent, and draw a bucket of water—he then went aft, and told the man at the wheel not to be alarmed at any noise which he might hear, and to pay no attention to any orders which he might give from the forecastle to alter the course. The helmsman grinned intelligence, for he knew Mr. Spunyarn well.

Bob then went forward again. Poor Jonathan was still in the same position—transported to the land of dreams—and apparently deeply engaged in bottling off sleep, as if to secure a stock for a long voyage. The second mate took the bucket of salt water, stood over Jonathan, and gently poured a portion of the contents into his capacious mouth. This was an awkward interruption to Jonathan's deep reveries. The poor fellow was almost suffocated—and while he was gasping and struggling to get breath, Bob rolled him on deck, and dashed the remainder of water in his face, at the same time screaming in a loud voice, "hard down your helm—*Jonathan's overboard!*"

This was all enacted in less time than it can be described—and the whole thing was so admirably managed, that poor Doolittle actually believed he had fallen overboard while asleep on the bowsprit—and being a good swimmer, he struck out on the deck, as if for dear life, and looked like an overgrown frog trying to swim in a basin of water. He essayed to call for help, but the salt water in his throat prevented—and the coughing, and sputtering, and struggling of the poor fellow was such, that neither the second officer, nor Peter Peterson, could restrain their risible muscles, but burst out into a laugh, which rang merrily through the ship, and was the means of bringing Jonathan to his senses—though not before the watch below, as well as the remainder of the watch on deck, roused by the dreadful cry of 'a man overboard,' had rushed to the scene of action in time to enjoy the joke.

Jonathan Doolittle was cured of sleeping on deck, and was ever afterwards vigilant when entrusted with the look-out.

The Gentleman.

True gentlemen are to be found in every grade of society. The ploughman, with his broad, sun-burnt hand, his homely dress and his open, honest countenance, is oftener found to be possessed of the real attributes of a gentleman, than the enervated man-milliner, who is much more careful of his gloves than of his honor: whose shirt bosom must be as pure as a virgin's fame; and who, if one curl of his glossy wool were displaced, would be thrown into strong convulsions.—The blood which flows in a rich and generous stream through the heart of a Russian serf, is as pure, in the eyes of God, as the life current which eddies round the princely fountain of the highest of England's noblemen. It is a false, illiberal idea, that, because a man cannot claim alliance with the proud and wealthy, his name should be stricken from the list of gentlemen.—We are all created alike—our mothers suffer the same pangs; and shall the one who is ushered into life upon a silken couch, spurn him whose limbs were first laid on a truss of straw? Which class, from time immemorial, has shed honor and glory on the earth—the proud aristocrat, or the poor peasant? Whose names are enrolled in the dazzling pages of history—the gentleman of fashion, or the gentleman of nature? Whose voices are most heard, and to most effect, throughout the world? Why, those men born in poverty, but clothed by truth with the jewelled robe of honor. Does the mere fact of a man's being able to make a bow with scrupulous exactness, constitute him a gentleman? Shall the children of one mother be divided, because one portion are gifted with gracefulness of action and coxcombry of demeanor, while the others will not stoop to cringe at flattery's fawn, or waste the hours given them by heaven to improve, in the useless study of the puerile forms of fashion? Oh, how glad it makes one's heart, to see the "painted lizards" trodden under foot by the gentlemen of nature! to see them shrink away at the approach of honest men, fearing that they may be called upon to acknowledge their own inferiority!

Who is *the* gentleman? he who can boast of nothing but a name, upon which dishonor has never thrown its leprous poison. He who can lie down upon his pillow at night, knowing that he has done his neighbor no injury; whose heart is never closed to pity, and whose arm is always nerved to redress the injuries of the oppressed.—Who smiles not at misfortune, and who mocks not the affliction of his fellows. He who looks upon all men as equals, and who fears not to stand even in the presence of a king. The man who is guided by moral honor, and not obliged to have laws made for his observance. He who has true democracy in his soul—who desires and gives to every man the enjoyment of his own opinions, provided those opinions do not infringe the decrees of justice in its most rigid sense.—Such a man, and only such a one, should dare lay claim to the proud appellation of "gentleman." Thank God! we are in a country where the field of honor and renown is open to all. The lowest freeman in the land is in part the governor of its proudest officer. He who tills the earth walks erect in the proud dignity of natural right, knowing that he cannot be oppressed while he respects himself. There is no distinction of classes here—the blacksmith and the senator—the shoemaker and the president—all hail each other as "gentlemen."—*Cres. City.*

The Hoosier and the Yankee.

We were much amused, not long since, at a dialogue we heard between a Downeaster and a Hoosier from the west.—They were respectively cracking up their own localities and running down their opponent's.

At length says the Hoosier—

"Why our land is so rich—why you never seed any thing so tarnal rich in all your life, why, how d'ye suppose we make our candles, ha!"

"Don't know," says the Yankee.

"We dip 'em in the mud puddles," says the Hoosier.

"Yes," replied the Yankee, "and I guess there is so much mud in your diggins, that there is'nt many places where a man couldn't dip candles in the mud puddles. I have heard of a man travelling in your country all day long, in the road where the mud was so deep that you couldn't disk'ver a glimps of his legs for hours together."

"Well, now, just tell us, Mr. Yankee, if it is a fact that they say about the roughness of your roads down east. They do say there are so many stones in the roads, and that the wagons do jolt up and down so all firedly, that the only way the people ever grind out plaster of Paris is by loading the big peices into a wagon, and just driving at a moderate trot over one of your roads; and that half a mile's driving will make it all into powder."

"There is no doubt but we can touch dry land occasionally on roads. But then, if there are some stuns in the roads, the traveller is not waylaid, and his blood taken by musquetoes as big as oysters."

"I'll tell you what, stranger, they do say there are hull counties down east where the stones are so thick that they have to sharpen the sheep's noses, so they can get them between the rocks to eat grass. Indeed, I heard one say, who once travelled through your country, that he one day saw a whole field of men and boys standing on the rocks, each on 'em letting sheep down by the hind legs in among the rocks to feed. And in another place, he said he saw the farmers shooting the grain in among the rocks so as to take root and grow."

"Well now, stranger, suppose you tell us about your country; you're the only man I ever see from the west that didn't die of fever 'n ager; let's see if you know as much about the west as you seem to know about the east."

"Well, old Yankee, I'll just tell you about it. If a farmer in our country plants his ground with corn and takes first rate care on it, he'll get a hundred bushels to the acre; if he takes middlin' care on it, he'll get seventy-five; and if he don't plant it at all, he'll get fifty.

"The beets grow so large that it takes three yoke of oxen to pull up a good sized one; and then it leaves a hole so large, that I once knew a family of five children who all tumbled into a beet hole once before it got filled up, and the earth caved in upon them and they all perished.

"The trees grow so large that I once knew a man who commenced cutting one down, and when he had cut away on one side for about ten days, he thought he'd just take a look round the tree, and when he got round on 'tother side he found a man there who had been cutting at it for three weeks—and they never heard one another's axes.

"I have heard tell, yet I somewhat doubt THAT story, that the Ohio *parsnips* have sometimes grown clean through the earth and been pulled through by the people on 'tother side."

"Wal, now," says the Yankee, "I rather guess as how you've talked enough, stranger, for the present. How'd you like to trade for some clocks to sell out west?"

"Never use 'em—we keep time altogether with pumpkin vines. You know they grow just five feet an hour, and that's an inch a minute. Don't use clocks at all. It's no use, old Yankee, we can't trade no how."

The Yankee gave up beat, and suddenly cleared out.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Slandering Providence.

If there is any thing calculated to excite the indignation, it is to hear people charging Providence with troubles, accidents, and afflictions, which result solely from their own criminal carelessness. "It has pleased Providence," says one, "to afflict me very sorely with the gout, or sciatica, or asthma, or abdominal discomposure." Faugh! Providence had nothing to do with it. It was your own gluttony, foolish exposure, abuse of physic, or some other natural cause, which produced your uneasiness. The only way in which Providence may be supposed to have acted in the premises is this: The Deity has established certain natural laws, which all who break must atone for by their own sufferings. If you practice eating and drinking to a greater extent than nature requires, the probability is that your excess will be punished with an acute disease. For that you may thank your folly. If you sleep in a damp bed, it is likely you will have a touce of the lumbago. Very well, what else could have been expected? The least prudence would have foreseen and avoided the mischief.

When a locomotive runs over a man and amputates two or three of his limbs, Providence is again supposed to be at fault, yet Providence gave the man eyes, ears, and the faculty of moving off the track. He did not choose to avail himself of those gifts, and so pays the penalty in a couple of arm and legs. This is all correct, according to Gunter, and Providence stands acquitted. A fat citizen is found defunct in bed, having retired in perfect health on the preceding night. "Mysterious dispensation of Providence," says an obituary notice in the newspapers. It may be mysterious perhaps to Messrs. Editors, but the doctors might tell you that the fat citizen ate too much supper and died very naturally in a fit of appoplexy. Providence should be especially adored for the establishment of that law under which the fat citizen died. It is an exquisite contrivance to keep gourmonds from devouring individually the victuals that would support half a dozen of families. If fat citizens choose to stake their lives against "a good hearty supper," as it is called, why, for goodness' sake, let them play out the game;—the value of the stakes may be about equal, and we must observe that, let a man be as fat as he will, the place he occupies in the world is easily filled up when he chooses to make himself absent. Apoplectic fits, therefore, are not always synonymous with "the visitation of God,"—they may be the effect of turtle and champaigne.

In the days of Cotton Mather and his brilliant contemporary luminaries, whenever a person happened to be sick and the doctors did not happen to understand his complaint, they pronounced it a decided case of witchcraft. This saved a great deal of trouble in consulting medical treatises, &c., for the obvious remedy in such a case was to burn some old woman in the neighborhood. At present, when any thing unpleasant occurs which we do not understand, or the causes of which people are too stupid or indolent to search out, the whole affair is referred to Providence, when a little patient investigation would show that human vice or folly is sufficient to account for the matter in question. Providence, in most cases, works by general laws, which men may turn to their advantage or disadvantage as they think proper.

A Wife.

When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion that he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, and sing and dance, it is a being who can comfort and judge, and discourse and discriminate; can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description occasionally figures in the drawing room, and attracts the admiration of the company, but she is entirely unfit for a helpmate for a man, and to train up a child in the way he should go.

From the New York Tribune.

The Duty to Labor.

"*The world owes me a living, and I'll have it,*" says some blackleg as he finishes a luxurious repast; "here, landlord, another bottle of your prime Madeira." Half a dozen empty-headed fops, who sit gazing on him by stealth, in silent admiration, hail the sentiment with rapturous shouts. "That's it, the world owes us a good living, and we'll have it! Landlord! more wine here! we wont go home till morning. Let's go it while we're young. Who cares for the expense!"

The consequence of this is the pilfering of money drawers, the ignominious loss of employment, genteel loaferism, and so on, until one of these enterprising gentlemen, in eager pursuit of the good living the world owes him, put the wrong man's name to a check, or in some kindred way gets a ticket for the marble palace at *Sing Sing*, where the state provides "*a living*" for those it considers deserving, but not just such an one as consists with their own estimate of their exalted merits.

The great error in this case is the original maxim. It is false and detestable. "*The world owes me a good living.*" How owes? have you earned it by good service? If you have, whether on the anvil or in the pulpit, as a toiler or teacher, you have acquired a just right to a livelihood. But if you have eaten as much as you have earned, or, still worse, have done little or no good, the world owes you nothing.

Mankind are just waking to a consciousness of the duty resting on every man to be active and useful in his day and in his sphere. All are not called to dig or hew, or plough or plane, but every man has a sphere of usefulness allotted to him by Providence, and he is unfaithful to his high trust if he deserts it for idle pomp or heedless luxury. One man may be fitted by nature and inclination for an artisan, another for a sailor, and a third for a merchant; but no man was ever born fitted only to be an idler and a drone.

"But has not a rich man a right to enjoy his wealth?" Most certainly: we would be the last to deprive him of it. He has a natural and legal right to possess and enjoy it in any manner not injurious to others; but he has no moral right to be useless because he has superior means of being useful. Let him possess in abundance the means of satisfying every pure and just desire of his nature, and become wiser, nobler, larger in soul than his less fortunate neighbor; but never let him forget, as, if properly trained, he never can, that it is a solemn duty to be useful to his fellow creatures, especially to the depressed and suffering—to labor for their benefit, and suffer, if need be, for their elevation.

The world soon learns to respect its benefactors in whatever sphere, and to realize that he who truly and honestly exerts himself in some department of useful effort, may justly claim a brotherhood with all who toil, and make, and earn. Let the rich cease to look down on the poor—the merchant on the porter; let each respect the dignity of man, whether in his own person or that of his less fortunate brother; let haughtiness and pride cease on one side; and envy, jealousy, and hatred with their train of direful consequences, will vanish from the other, and all, animated by a common kindness, will move forward in concord to the attainment of the highest good.

Dress.—Nothing looks more unpleasant and trifling, than to see a young man whose wages are small, spending all he can get, and perhaps more too, for dress;—every thing about his person of the latest fashion and of the nicest fit, as though his whole mind was centered upon seeing how pretty he could look—and all for what! To gratify the eyes of those who are foolish and impudent as himself. But this he does not do, for even they are disgusted with him. Instead of pleasing any body, he only makes himself the pity of the wise, and a laughing stock for fools.

The Falling Leaf.—Reader, learn a lesson from the falling leaf—improve every hour in the spring of your days, for the time is not far distant when your autumn will come, and you, like the leaf, will fade, sink to the earth, and mingle with the dust.

The following eloquent speech was made not long since, by a young limb of Blackstone, to a court and jury, in one of the southern counties of Indiana. "May the court please, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant in this cause, with all the fury of a fiend, emerged from the wilderness like a roaring lion, and in his gigantic strength, he seized my client by the collar, and—*tore his shirt.*"